"Isaiah Abraham Lincoln" 62-1

MY COUNTRY.

MY COUNTRY:

A

DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

Protestant Reformed Dutch Church

AT

NEWBURGH, N. Y.,

Nov. 28th, 1861—Repeated Dec. 8th, 1861,

BY

G. HENRY MANDEVILLE, PASTOR.

"And lives there man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land!"

Sir Walter Scott.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and wines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil-olive and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it: a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

Deut. 8: 7, 8, 9.

NEWBURGH:
E. M. RUTTENBER, PRINTER.
1861.

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Correspondence.

NEWBURGH, Nov. 30, 1861.

Reverend and Dear Sir: We were delighted listeners, in common with your entire congregation, to your eloquent and patriotic discourse on Thanksgiving day, and like others who heard it, we feel that it should reach a wider sphere than is made possible by one delivery of it. Will you, therefore, be pleased to name some early day when you will repeat the discourse, and also furnish us a copy of it for publication in pamphlet form? We could assign reasons for this request, for in this time of our Nation's trial it is not the soldier only who is fighting our battles; other forces are also effectively employed, among which are the Pulpit and the Press. Their influence is prominent among the honored causes that have enabled us to witness the present unanimity of patriotic impulse and sentiment throughout the loyal States. Hence the ground trembles to day with the tread of a willing and mighty army, whose ranks are composed of volunteer defenders of our constitutional rights and our national unity. Every addition to that influence is therefore a contribution to the service of our country. Moreover, your compliance with the above request, will comply with the wishes of your congregation, several of whom we have conversed with on the subject, and will gratify as well many other patriotic friends.

S. R. VAN DUZER,
BENJ. H. MACE,
HENRY WYCKOFF,
THOMAS JESSUP,
WILLIAM WYCKOFF,
A. M. SHERMAN,
R. A. FORSYTH, and others.

TO REV. G. H. MANDEVILLE.

NEWBURGH, Dec. 2, 1861.

S. R. VAN DUZER, BENJ. H MACE, HENRY WYCKOFF, THOMAS JESSUP, WM. WYCKOFF, Hon. A. M. SHERMAN, R. A. FORSYTH, and others:

Dear Sirs: I very cheerfully comply with the requests contained in your kind note of the 30th ult. I am not accustomed to make the Pulpit a platform for pronouncing political harangues. But *patriotism* is not *partizanship*. I have endeavored to discuss the subject in a Christian spirit and on Bible principles, in accordance with the direction of our blessed Lord, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." If our country is sacrificed, our pulpits will eré long be shackled. I have no hesitation, therefore, in naming the evening of Sabbath, 8th inst., as the time for its repetition.

I am aware of many imperfections necessarily resulting from rapid preparation; but as I have already delivered it in its present shape, I do not feel at liberty to make any extensive alterations. I yield, however, to the desire of my people, who think it would contribute to the cause of our beloved and imperilled land. May the blessing of the God of our Fathers attend it.

May I make one request: that whatever proceeds may result from its sale, shall be appropriated to such benevolent object as you, and they in whose name you speak, may determine.

Thanking you for the very kind but too flattering terms in which you have been pleased to convey your requests, I will place the manuscript at your disposal after its delivery next Sabbath evening. I am respectfully,

Yours in Christian patriotism,
G. HENRY MANDEVILLE.

Thanksgiving Sermon.

PSALM 16 : 6, (last clause,) "YEA, I HAVE A GOODLY HERITAGE."

Thanksgiving-day! In its annual recurrence how many many pleasant memories are awakened. We are at once carried back to days of early life, when in our childhood's home the day was consecrated to religious exercises, family re-unions and social festivities. We think also of the many happy homes, and happy hearts, and smiling faces, and laughing voices, among old and young, in *seventeen* States of the Union, (including loyal Virginia, for the first time in her history,) which welcome this 28th day of November, 1861, as the great family-day of the year. We remember likewise the thankful offerings of grateful hearts in words of praise and deeds of kindness; and with emotions of gladness we salute the annual return of Thanksgiving-day.

Never, indeed, in our history have we been called to observe this day under circumstances like those in which we assemble this morning in the sanctuary of Jehovah, Heretofore we have presented the magnificent, soul-thrilling spectacle of a mighty, growing, prosperous nation, dwelling together in peace, fraternal fellowship, and common citizenship. Not one among the millions of America's children had forfeited the rights and character of an American citizen by the black, parricidal crimes of treason and rebellion. Law reigned in its supremacy over the entire land. Government cast its broad and ample Ægis over every citizen. Constituted authorities embraced in their arms of protection and blessing every person entitled to this high and benign benediction. In the midst of angry and violent political discussions and party contests, the ship of State sailed calmly and majestically on her way. No wicked hand was found to scuttle and sink the noble vessel.

But to-day, alas! what a different spectacle is presented to the contemplation of the thoughtful Christian patriot. What a stupendous change has been wrought in one short year. Millions whom we once delighted to call brethren, and to welcome with cordial salutations of national comity, have cast off their allegiance, have forfeited their place in the great American family, have raised the arm of deadly resistance to authority and government constituted by God in this great land, and have resorted, with demoniacal wickedness, to fraud, robbery and war to carry their infernal schemes into effect. Professing loyalty with Judas-like hypocrisy, luxuriating in the rich spoils of the nation, and drawing richest nourishment from the breasts of our common Mother-land, they have for years been plotting conspiracy against her life, and now have attempted to stab her to the very heart.

To re-establish Constitutional rights and national institutions in those States whence they have been expelled, and to re-enthrone government in its legitimate authority, hundreds of thousands of loyal men, with brave hearts and strong arms, have rushed to the deadly conflict at their country's call. Many have already fallen on both sides; and many more, we fear, must fall before hostilities cease. The contest is but just inaugurated: who shall tell *when* or *what* the end will be?

Thus *the fact*, in all its appalling magnitude, is upon us. We are in the midst of war; of war the most unnatural and unjustifiable, so far as its originators are concerned; the most sad and lamentable of any in which we could be engaged. For all history teaches that civil wars are most fierce and savage—most to be dreaded of any that desolate the earth. We are in the midst of a death-struggle. The grasp of the formidable monster clutches the neck of free government in a mighty endeavor to strangle its very life. It effects are seen and felt—prostrating as the tempest—devastatingas the simoon. It is a ghastly spectacle. Horrors untold and unimagined may yet be enacted. We gaze upon bloody baptisms, and hecatombs of slain. The cheeks

are blanched—the blood curdles—the heart in its agony almost ceases its throbbings.

Yet I think it well that the Executive of our State has called upon us by proclamation to observe this day as we are wont. Amid our afflictions we have very many mercies for which to be thankful to God. Nay, could we see the *end* from the beginning, we should, I doubt not, render most hearty thanks to the Sovereign Ruler for our very tribulations. At least, we should be very thankful that, *if they had to come*, they came just *when* and *as* they did; no sooner, no later, no otherwise. Had they come *sooner*, when traitors at heart filled some of the high places of the land, or even when the old administration was just about to be changed for the new one, we should have found it vastly more difficult to meet them. Had they come *later*, we know not under what circumstances they would have come. Had they been postponed to the next generation, our sons might have become so enfeebled by the indulgencies and luxuries of a long-continued prosperity, as to be unable to meet the stern demands of such times—times "that try men's souls." Had they come in *a different manner*, they might have found a divided and distracted North, instead of a united and enthusiastic one. True, we were in a state of most deplorable unpreparedness for such an emergency —were taken at a most alarming disadvantage. But even this may not be without some compensating alleviations. If, with all this against us, we have been enabled, by the blessing of our God, to hold this rebellion in check, and in some measure to thwart its plans, disappoint its designs and break its power, in so short a period; what may we not hope to do, by the same blessing, now that an army of unequalled magnitude, equipped with the most effective and formidable weapons known to modern warfare, fast arriving at the highest state of discipline, and officered, we believe, by men of finest abilities, stand ready to rush at the foe when the word of command is given. Then, she was reeling, as a drunken man, under the fierce blows of treason. Now, she has partially recovered herself, looks with a calmer,

clearer eye, speaks with a louder voice, walks with a firmer tread and a steadier step, and promises to march to speedy victory and peace. Let us trust in God for the future of this war, while we praise Him for its favors in the past.

Further, we may hope, by this chastisement, to be better fitted for the part we have to perform in the mysterious drama of the world's history. As with individuals, so with nations—"whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." The history of ancient Israel is a striking illustration of this truth. Israel was his peculiar people, whom He had chosen, designed and consecrated for great and blessed purposes in the administration of His government, and the manifestations of His grace. But before they were qualified for these purposes, they must pass through a long process of preparation and purification; and this repeated in fact through their entire history. May not this be the *secret* of our present troubles? *Jehovah reigns.* Surely if any nation under heaven can trace the hand of God in its history, that nation is the United States of America. We acknowledge His hand in these adverse dispensations.

Now, for what has God raised us to this exaltation? Surely not to shiver us to pieces, just as our history was ready to make its magnificent future; not so speedily to make us monuments of human weakness, wickedness and folly, and memorials of divine indignation. Certainly this has not been His wont in dealing with other nationalities. Surely, He hath some other and better purposes towards us, and designs in this way to fit us the better to fulfill them. We have never been in a furnace like this; and if some of the grossness of our *materialism, which has been our great national sin,* may be burned up, it will be cause of devout thanksgiving that we were cast into one of so intense heat and terrible severity. Let us pray and hope that the God of our Fathers will evolve good out of these woes. We are on His anvil; let us pray and hope that every stroke of His hammer of judgment will strike off scintillations of dross and scum, and make us purer, better, stronger. His judgments are in the land; let

us pray and hope that the people will learn righteousness. Then shall we praise Him for *His judgments*, equally with His mercies.

Besides, we personally know little, save indirectly, of the terrors of the strife. Did we live in any of the seats of war, then, as we looked upon desolated fields, plundered harvests, burning dwellings, fleeing people, bleeding bodies and mutilated corpses, we should know of horrors which even imagination *now* and *here* fails to picture. While, then, we pray for support and deliverance to Union-men who are in the midst of these, let us bless God to-day that we dwell in quietude, peace, plenty and prosperity—that we do not hear the tramp of the rushing hosts, nor even the echoes of the thundering cannon.

But we have many other causes for thanksgiving. Some of these are happily and eloquently enumerated in the proclamation of the Governor: "Disease has been stayed from the fire-side and the camp; internal order has prevailed; plenty has abounded; liberty of conscience remains unabridged; ordinary pursuits have been uninterrupted; our national rights are respected; partizan animosities are fast burning out, and the spirit of fraternal affection has been beautifully manifested throughout a wide extent of our common country." For each and all of these we have "infinite cause for thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God."

But we propose in the remainder of this discourse to direct your attention to one subject for thanksgiving not usually dwelt upon—Our Country. Let us thank God to-day for our country—that we can still say, we *have the same country we always had.* We may with emphasis exclaim with the Psalmist: "Yea, we have a goodly heritage." Let us take a brief survey—only just glancing at several topics, and see whether we have not in this fact a cause which should swell our hearts with devoutest thanksgiving to Him who has given us our "goodly heritage."

I. *Glance at its Geographical aspects.*

In geographical *extent* it covers an area of three millions, two

hundred and sixty thousand square miles. This is a larger surface than the entire area of continental Europe. Its frontier stretches over ten thousand miles—4,400 miles of sea-coast, 1,500 miles of lake-coast, and the remainder land-frontier. It is washed, on its Eastern and Western shores, by the waters of either Ocean. Its Northern boundaries gleam in the brightness of perpetual snow, and its Southern glow in the rich bloom of perpetual verdure. Almost every variety of soil and climate are found within its limits. If our whole country was divided into equal portions, instead of numbering forty-four, territories included, we should have four hundred and fifty States of the size of Massachusetts.

In Geographical *position*, it is nearly the centre of the world. Thus Palestine, the Holy Land, situate on the shores of the Mediterranean, was about central to the world as then known, and admirably adapted, from its situation, to reach surrounding nations, and spread its influence and its knowledge of religion in every direction. With us, whether we go Eastward or Westward, we are not far distant from densely populated lands, and the various peoples of the Old World. From our Atlantic shores we can reach forth the right hand and touch the nations of Europe—those seats of power and civilization. From our Pacific coast we can extend the left hand and feel the trembling dynasties of the East, hoary with centuries, where history has been making ever since man was made—the cradle of the race—the seat of historic interest—but where the people to-day sit in the darkness of superstition, and dwell in the death-shadow of corruption, error and sin. Central to the world, we can most easily and readily spread our influence on all around. Our geographical position is the very best for making rapid strides in national greatness, and extending the influence and blessings of Christian civilization unto all lands. Centrally located, and containing within its bounds about one-twentieth part of the habitable earth, it would indicate that the Great Ruler of nations had designed it for some great and beneficent purposes in the history of our race.

II. *Glance at its industrial resources.*

Its fruitful hills and fertile valleys—its vast savannahs, and rich and wide-spreading prairies—its mighty lakes and majestic rivers, where swim mighty steamers as things of life—its canals, the highways for produce—its net-work of rail-roads, ramifying through its length and breadth and destined, at no distant day, to bind its most distant shores together, and encircle the continent with a girdle of iron—its stupendous mountains, stored with minerals of every kind, and materials in abundance to supply every need of human enterprise and civilized life—its furnaces, factories, and manufactories in all departments of industry —its wealth—*all these* contribute to furnish industrial resources whose full development will not be witnessed until the train of ages shall have swept forward many centures. Yet the progress made in developing these resources is truly amazing and startling. It does not by any means require the memory of the oldest among us to remember when our people were necessitated to be content with securing a supply for the commonest necessaries of life. Now take the statistics of your Census, and note the progress of each decade of years for the past half century. Those marvelous figures speak with an eloquence more moving than ever fell from mortal lips, and with a prophecy shadowing forth results which no imagination of man can conceive. Even during this year of agitation and distress, forty thousand farms of eighty acres each have been taken from the public lands and added to the industrial wealth of the Republic. In commercial, mineral, agricultural, manufacturing, all industrial pursuits, it furnishes resources to tax every energy and to satisfy the most untiring enterprise and vaulting ambition.

Certainly, God has not, *for naught*, made every thing in this land on a giant-like scale, and massed here unparalleled resources for one of the mightiest empires on earth, and furnished thus a grand theatre for the grandest displays of His wisdom and power, in providing instrumentalities wherewith to accomplish His plans and march to the conquest of a rebelious

race. We expect corresponding results from such preparations.

III. *Glance at its inhabitants.*

The people who have mainly settled in this land, and compose the great bulk of its population, belong to that division of the human family known as the *Japhetic*. This is *now* the dominant race in the earth—the progressive member in the family of man. In perfect harmony with the signification of the name—"expansion"—and in striking fulfillment of the Noahitic prophecy, "God shall enlarge Japheth and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem,"—the descendents of Japheth are expanding and enlarging the sphere of their power and influence in the West and the East. With them are identified at this day all the monuments of energy and enterprise—all the conquests of civilization—all the triumphs of intelligence—all the achievements of thought—all the progress of true religion in the earth. And are not these the general characteristics of our people? Energy, enterprise, civilization, intelligence, thought, religion. These carry them forward in the mighty work of developing the natural resources of this land, through difficulties, over obstacles, with indomitable perseverance and iron determination. Hence they plow and reap, mine and forge, build and furnish—converting wildernesses into gardens, forests into farms, ores into implements, trees into cabins or palaces—constructing fleets and argosies for our waters—blasting a way for the locomotive through the very bowels of the mountains—sending thought by lightning—"vexing the earth and water with incessant motion, under the most powerful stimulus and with unprecedented success."

True, our people come from the various nationalities of the old world. Various bloods are mingled in our veins. "The positive Englishman, the metaphysical Scotchman, the jovial Irishman, the excitable Frenchman, the passionate Spaniard, the voluptuous Italian, the plodding German," the slow but sure Hollander, the Dane, the Norwegian, the Polander, all enter into the elements of this nation. But these all belong to the same family,

and under similar auspices exhibit the same general characteristics. The Briton and the Hollander are the prevailing, controlling and molding powers. These are the elements which give shape, color and strength to that new national being which Divine Providence is forming by this commingling of bloods—by this flinging of many elements into this "mighty crucible." They all, or nearly all, speak one language—the noble, manly, English —which is rapidly being spoken more and more widely among men, and seems destined to become the great medium of intercourse among the nations.

Then, be it remembered, that, as yet, we have only about thirty millions of people. True, at the period of our Revolution we had but three millions, slaves included, and have increased with unexampled rapidity to our present numbers. But in Europe, with less extent of country, there are, in round numbers, two hundred and forty millions. Now let imagination sweep forward to the time—and that, measuring by past progress, at no very distant period in the life of a nation—when two hundred and fifty millions of these energetic, intelligent, progressive, Christian people shall populate these States and develope these latent resources; and who shall measure the power of this great people, or paint the future of such a nation, if it may but remain one and undivided, free and Christian? Surely, God has not placed such a people, with such capacities, in such a land, with such resources, without some special designs of beneficence. Their mutual adaptability proves too conclusively the special interposition of His hand to leave any room for doubt whether He has not some great work for us to perform in blessing the nations, in upbuilding His kingdom of love, and truth, and righteousness, and spreading His "glorious Gospel," with its divine philosophy, and heavenly wisdom, and infinite grace, through the lands to all the tribes of men. Let us trust Him with our national future.

IV. *Glance at its history.*

Every nation has what may be termed its heroic age. It is

the age when self is lost in country; when the entire nation is united as one man in the prosecution of some great cause, and roused by some all-absorbing, all-controlling emotion; when all its energies are concentrated and consecrated to the great objects of a magnanimous patriotism; when heroic men, and heroic women devote themselves and their all to heroic deeds. This age is of interest and importance, not merely for its present character and immediate results, but for its mighty influence, under divine Providence, upon the whole subsequent national history. It is the seeding-time of the nation. It is the time when the foundations are laid upon which the national superstructure is to be erected. "The strong remembrance of it becomes a part of the national life." It throbs with every pulsation of the national heart. It ramifies through every vein and artery of the national system—interpenetrating through the national thought and emotion, and forming the national creature into a very different being from what it otherwise would have been. Who can tell how different our present and past, had we not the living remembrance of the May-Flower's landing upon "New England's rock bound coast," and of the whole revolutionary struggle. We could not afford to be without this. Its bright and glowing reminiscences form a *corps de reserve* whence to repair the loss of patriotic loyalty and national devotedness that may be occasioned by the lapse of years—the efforts of ambitious demagogues—the prevalence of utilitarian sentiments, or habits of luxury and selfish indulgencies.

We have our *heroic era*, and one which will not lose by contrast with the mystic grandeur of the nations of antiquity or the chivalrous emerging of the nations of modern Europe. As its events pass in review before the mind, in "bannered throngs" of brilliancy and beauty, they seem more like fabulous inventions than veritable realities. The great Father of his country appears more like the hero of a romance than of a nation. The names of its consecrated places seem more like those that have come to us in our waking visions, than names of battle-fields where

our fathers grappled with the foe and bled and died. Oh! nowhere, it seems to me, on the page of universal history occur scenes equal in grandeur and tragic interest to the entire early history of this people, from the time when the colonists first landed on the shores of this continent, to the acknowledgment of our independence and the establishment of our government—through the whole revolutionary struggle, when, with their watch-word, *"liberty or death,"* they rallied round their chosen chief for the deadly fray, amid hardships and privations almost incredible—when wives inspired their husbands, mothers their sons, sisters their brothers, and maidens their lovers, with the spirit of heroes. And since that period until this present, its history is one of the wonders of the world. Surely, the Almighty Ruler of nations has not enabled us to make such a history without some beneficent purposes yet to be accomplished.

Here let me remark in passing, that we can see the wondrous, magic influence of this unexampled history in the events of our own times. When appealed to by all the remembrances of that history, and the associations of that starry flag which our fathers unfurled to the winds of heaven, and which traitorous hands, with ball and shell, had assailed and displaced from the bastions of Sumter, on the 19th of April, the sons of the North and West have proven themselves not unworthy of their sires. With the courage and enthusiasm inspired by the cause of truth and righteousness, and with the spirit of Seventy-Six still beating in their bosoms, they have rallied and rushed to defend the honor of that flag and that government—a noble, majestic army of six hundred and sixty thousand men, enlisted in little more than half a year, and a noble navy of 264 vessels, 2,557 guns, and 29,000 brave marines, created within the same period—the *heroes of the Union*, as our fathers were of the Revolution. Oh! it is a glorious spectacle—one which must expel the fears of those who were croaking over the degeneracy of the present generation, and inspirit the patriot with new hopes and enlarged expectations—one which will speak to other nations with a voice more potent than any event

that has ever occurred in our history—one which in itself will almost compensate for the loss of treasure and of life which this stupendous struggle is to cost. Let us pray and hope that this spirit may endure, as did that of our fathers, through all the trials and woes of the war, until peace is conquered—the Union re-united—government re-established—law re-enthroned; and then our country shall be FOREVER "the land of the free, and the home of the brave." God hasten the day of an honorable, equitable and permanent peace, for His own name's sake.

V. *Glance at its Government.*

It is not necessary for this audience, and if it were, time would not permit—to enter upon the discussion of the simple yet complex machinery of our State and National government. Let it suffice to say, that our entire National system, whose existence is now in peril, is regulated by a written Constitution, to which the people of every State, and the whole land, have given their consent, and to which every man has, before God, solemnly sworn allegiance. No man, no body of men, may withdraw that loyalty, save in the way which the Constitution itself provides, or for causes which are acknowledged to justify forcible resistance to governments. To justify rebellion, the government must manifestly *fail* of those just and righteous ends for which it was instituted; that failure must be so oppressive as to be more burdensome than the horrors necessarily attendant upon civil war to throw off its authority; there must also be little or no prospect of rectifying it in a peaceful manner; there must likewise be a fair, reasonable prospect of success and of establishing a *better* government; and there must be a general concurrence in such rebellion throughout *the Nation*, not merely a section of it. Unless these things at least enter into any conspiracy to resist governmental authority, that resistance is rebellion, and such rebellion is a wrong against man, and a sin before God. That these things could not be hitherto predicated of our government, every person must acknowledge. On the contrary, it

has always, throughout the entire land, been the guardian of individual rights, social immunities, national institutions, constitutional obligations, civil freedom and religious liberty. Among no people on the face of the earth have these rights of human nature, on the whole, been so sacredly protected. In this nation, as in a temple consecrated by God, civil and religious liberty has been enshrined. Here, every citizen has been protected in his rights, personal, social and legal. Here, every man has been free to worship God according to his own views, or not to worship at all if he pleased, without interference from civil authorities, and with the strong arm of government to protect him in that freedom. Doubtless there are exceptions, for all human government, in its theory and in its administration, is imperfect. Doubtless, also, the nation has sinned grievously in many things, and in some matters on a large scale—as in our treatment of the Indians, the Negroes, and the Mormon abomination. If we had not so sinned, we should not be so grievously chastised. Yet, notwithstanding these admissions, our government is the best the world has yet seen. It has most fully answered the great design of government—*the happiness* of its subjects. As it has been in the past, so is it to-day, the home of civil liberty *regulated* by law—the palladium of religious liberty *guarded* by law. He who can not live and be happy under such a government, could not live and be happy in heaven. Most assuredly the government which the rebels propose to establish could not be *better;* nor had they at its commencement, and must less now, a fair, reasonable prospect of success. I do not say that ours is perfect, but I do say that their proposed government, with slavery as its corner-stone—the normal-law in the family, society, state, and church—must be unspeakably worse. In comparison with that, ours is incontestably and pre-eminently "a goodly heritage."

These, my fellow-citizens of the United States—for such I will call you on this day, although I stand in the sacred desk as God's ambassador—are some of the things that constitute OUR COUNTRY —its sky and air—its geographical extent and position—its in-

dustrial resources—its inhabitants—its history—its government as the protector of civil and religious rights. Not any one of these by itself, but all together, make up this "heritage" which God has given us. Is it not a goodly one? Is it not worthy the devoutest gratitude, the most fervent thanksgiving and the loudest praise of our hearts and our lips? Yes, let us each one praise the good God to-day for our country—

"Sweet land of Liberty,
Land where our fathers died."

But our duty does not end with this. It is our duty, before man and before God, *to sustain this Government in its authority over the entire land.* Let the government be wrecked upon the rock of this rebellion, and the breakers of Mexican confusion, violence and anarchy will roll over the land with terrific fierceness and universal desolation. Then we have no guarantee for the security of our property, our liberty, our privileges, our rights, our life. There is no safety for order, civilization, science, the arts, the homes, the religion of the land. Either the government must be sustained, or overturned. There is, it appears to me, no middle ground. The government must crush this rebellion, or the rebellion will crush the government.* Government is of God; and God, by solemn command, has enjoined obedience to government upon every person. It is my duty, and your duty, to-day and henceforth, to do our very utmost, or all that may be necessary, to maintain *the Constitution as it is,* and restore the *Government as it was,* SUPREME over the whole land. It may cost our money—it may cost us much suffering and distress—it may cost our life. Be it so. But it will cost us almost infinitely more not to sustain the government, even unto the end of this lamentable strife between those who were, and who ought still to be, *brethren.* We must meet the stern and trying necessities of the

* By this I mean not that we should have no government, if we should fail to put down this rebellion, but it would crush our position among other nations, and would necessitate a large standing army to watch the Southern Confederacy, and to keep other portions from successful revolt. Every one knows how inimical a standing army is to free government.

the hour in all loyalty and fidelity and in the spirit of true Christian patriotism.

In a discourse uttered about nine years ago, I had occasion to ask, "Who would wish to see this fair heritage laid waste, and destruction rioting throughout its borders? Who would desire to see its beautiful flag rent into shreds, and those shreds besmeared with the gore of fellow-citizens, and trampled in the dust? Who would wish to see this fairest temple of liberty thrown prostrate, and its pillars shivered into fragmentary memorials of what it was?" Little, little did I, or my auditors, then think that in less than nine years the startled and wondering world would see the attempt made with most desperate earnestness, on a most gigantic scale and with most formidable preparations, to effect its disruption; and would look upon this great country plunged by wicked men into all the horrors of internecine war. Yet thus it is. What good God purposes to accomplish, we know not. We leave the issue with Him, in whose hand alone it lies. This only we know: He has His purposes, and He qualifies His instruments to accomplish them in the best possible way to invest them with power and adaptability.

In the meantime it is our duty to uphold the government in its *lawful* endeavors to *preserve the Union, maintain the Constitution,* and re-establish the practical enforcement of the laws of the land in those portions where rebellion has its seat. True, it is war—terrible, desolating war—in which you are to sustain your government. Already must we inscribe on the scroll of its heroes the names of Ellsworth, Lyon, Baker, and many more, which history will weave in the wreath of immortality. The soil of Virginia, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, will hereafter be doubly sacred to loyal hearts as having been re-baptized with the blood of patriots—as being the depository of the ashes of our sons and brothers who have laid down their lives there on the altar of their country. The waters of the Potomac and the Missouri have already been darkened with the gushing gore of brave men. These and the Mississippi, and others too, will ere

long receive a still deeper, darker hue from still larger effusions of the blood of victims in this holocaust to freedom; and long as wave chases wave to ocean, will hymn their heroism—not in wails of a dismal dirge, but in the solemn notes of a grand requiem of honor. Yet with all this in view, and with the future known only to God, as a minister of God, I can say to you no otherwise than this, *abide by these ordinances of God.* You may differ in many things. It cannot be expected that all will agree in every opinion expressed, in every plan adopted, in every step taken, or in political views. But this is not a question of party or politics, but of country—of law, and its supremacy—of government, and its authority—yea, of Christianity and its progress in the earth. For the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ comes; and this can not fail to have highly important bearings upon its coming and prosperity. It must affect very deeply the enlargement and universal enthronement of that kingdom which "is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." As American Christians, the word of God leaves you no alternative. "Stand by the Constitution of your country. If that die, the most of your hopes and happiness die with it! Yea, it would be a calamity to the civilized world! Christianity herself would be hindered a whole century in her march!" Maintain the government by your influence, by your money, by your life, if need be, and above all *by your prayers* to the God of heaven for its union, perpetuity and prosperity. You may carry the cause of your country boldly to the throne of grace. You need not fear to commend to God its object and its motives. We feel that our fathers were right when they prayed to God for success in their struggle for freedom from certain civil burdens, and their own independent government. Most surely, then, are *we* right—it is *our* duty—to cry mightily to God, and give Him no rest, until His benedictions crown with victory our arms, when twenty millions of people fight against an atrocious conspiracy, bold, daring and wicked almost as that of the fallen angels against the throne of God, which aims at no less than the utter dissolution of the nation, regardless of

consequences, regardless what government shall subsequently be established, whether of freedom or despotism. Sad, unspeakably sad, though it be, to war with our once brethren—yet with good conscience we fervently pray: God bring confusion into the counsels and strike terror into the hearts of traitors and rebels; God bless Abraham Lincoln, the President of the United States of America, with wisdom, courage, firmness, the love of country and its Constitution, and the fear of God; God bless George B. McClellan, the commander-in-chief of the hosts of the Union, with every needed qualification for his fearfully solemn trust; God speed our armies on land and on sea—be with them in the shock of battle, amid sheeted flame, flashing fire, and clashing swords, and give them the victory; God bless our country; God bless our flag, and cause it to wave triumphantly through all the rolling, rattling thunder of the storm, and when the clouds are dispersed and the sun of peace once more shines upon its folds, may it float over a united, disenthralled land, still heralding to the nations its talismanic watchword, "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever!"

These are the principles which commend themselves to my judgment as interwoven in this mighty and majestic conflict. I trust they will likewise meet with your approbation. May our country ever be a glorious sanctuary, in whose holy of holies is enshrined the covenant ark of Constitutional government, civil freedom, and religious liberty, never again to be profaned by the breath of treason, or desecrated by the touch of rebellion. To this end may we prove ourselves worthy of the "goodly heritage" at which I have thought proper to glance, to stimulate our patriotism and intensify our earnestness in the struggle.

Let me now, in conclusion, quote the earnest, closing words of a speech by Hon. Joseph Holt, of Kentucky: "We are all, with our every earthly interest, embarked in mid-ocean, on the same common deck. The howl of the storm is in our ears, and 'the lightning's red glare is painting hell on the sky,' and while the

noble ship pitches and rolls under the lashings of the waves, the cry is heard, that she has sprung a leak at many points, and that the rushing waters are mounting rapidly in the hold; the man who at such an hour will not work at the pumps, is either a maniac or a monster." Let these stirring words ring in our hearts as the notes of victory—the pæan of law, liberty, and religion, enkindling a firmer determination and a more devoted patriotism. Let us send up grateful praise to the throne on high—

"Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birth-land of the free."

At the same time, let *each one*, with deep humility, with earnest sincerity, with burning loyalty and with unfaltering confidence pray that the God of our fathers, with His invincible battallions will be our ally, and make this the honest language of his heart—

"O heaven, my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, tho' destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! Our Country yet remains!
By *that dread name*, we wave the sword on high,
And swear *for to live! with her to die!*"

In the words of the chivalrous, brave and lamented Baker: "There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection; there will be some privation; there will be some loss of luxury; there will be somewhat more need for labor to procure the necessaries of life: When that is said, all is said. If we have the Country, the whole Country, the Union, the Constitution, free Government—with these will return all the blessings of well-ordered civilization; the path of the country will be a career of greatness and glory, such as, in the olden time, our fathers saw in the dim vision of years yet to come."

God bless and save our country, and accept our fervent thanksgiving for our "goodly heritage."

Blessed be His holy name for ever. Amen and Amen!

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